JOSHUA.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Set to Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.

——— Victorque volentes
Per Populos dat Jura, viamque affectat Olympo. Virg.

LONDON:

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MDCCLII.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOSHUA.

CALEB.

OTHNIEL.

ACHSAH, Caleb's *Daughter.*

ANGEL.

CHORUS.

High-Prieſt, Prieſts, Chiefs, Elders, *and* Attendants.

BRITISH MUSEUM

JOSHUA.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

PART I.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, High-Prieſt, Prieſts, Chiefs *and* Elders *of* Iſrael.

CHORUS *of* Iſraelites *after the miraculous Paſſage of the* Jordan, *and Entrance into* Canaan.

YE *Sons of* Iſrael, *ev'ry Tribe attend,*
Let grateful Songs, and Hymns to Heav'n aſcend:
In Gilgal, *and on* Jordan's *Banks proclaim*
One Firſt, one Great, one Lord JEHOVAH'S *Name.*

Joſhua.

Behold, my Friends, what vaſt Rewards are giv'n
To all the Juſt, who place their Faith in Heav'n!
Oh! had your Sires obey'd divine Command,
They too, like you, had reach'd the promis'd Land;

But Rebels to the Laws, th' Almighty gave,
They, in the Deſart, met an early Grave.

Caleb.

O *Joſhua*, both to rule, and bleſs ordain'd;
When *Moſes* the eternal Manſions gain'd,
What boundleſs Gratitude to Heav'n we owe,
Who did, in thee, a Chief ſo wiſe beſtow?
Courage, and Conduct ſhine in thee complete,
Juſtice, and Mercy fill thy Judgment-Seat.

Achſah.

Matrons, and Virgins, with unweary'd Pray'r,
Solicit Heav'n for thee, their fav'rite Care.
The firſt Lawgiver broke th' *Egyptian* Chain;
And, by thy hallow'd Aid, we *Canaan* gain.

AIR.

Oh! who can tell, Oh! who can hear
Of Egypt, *and not ſhed a Tear?*
Or, who will not on Jordan *ſmile,*
Releas'd from Bondage on the Nile?

Joſhua.

Caleb, attend to all I now preſcribe;
One righteous Man ſelect from ev'ry Tribe,
To bear twelve Stones from the divided Flood,
Where the Prieſts Feet, and holy *Cov'nant* ſtood;

In

In *Gilgal* place them : hence twelve more provide,
And fix them in the Boſom of the Tide:
Theſe when our Sons ſhall view with curious Eye,
Thus the hiſtoric Columns ſhall reply.

CHORUS.

To long Poſterity we here record
The wond'rous Paſſage, and the Land reſtor'd:
In wat'ry Heaps affrighted Jordan *ſtood,*
And backward to the Fountain roll'd his Flood.

Joſhua. AIR.

While Kedron's *Brook to* Jordan's *Stream*
Its ſilver Tribute pays;
Or while the glorious Sun ſhall beam
On Canaan *golden Rays;*
So long the Memory ſhall laſt
Of all the tender Mercies paſt.

SCENE II.

Othniel. [*Angel appearing.*]

But, who is he?--- Tremendous to behold!
A Form divine in Panoply of Gold!
With Dignity of Mien, and ſtately Grace,
He moves in ſolemn, ſlow, majeſtic Pace;
His auburn Locks his comely Shoulders ſpread,
A Sword his Hand, a Helmet fits his Head;
His warlike Viſage, and his ſparkling Eye
Beſpeak a Hero, or an Angel nigh.

AIR.

AIR.

Awful, pleaſing Being, ſay,
If from Heav'n thou wing'ſt thy Way?
Deign to let thy Servant know,
If a Friend, or pow'rful Foe?

Angel.

Joſhua, I come commiſſion'd from on high,
The Captain of the Hoſt of God am I;
Looſe from thy Feet thy Shoes, for all around
The Place, whereon thou ſtand'ſt, is holy Ground.

Joſhua.

Low on the Earth, Oh! proſtrate let me bend,
And thy Beheſts with Reverence attend.

Angel. RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Leader of *Iſrael,* 'tis the Lord's Decree,
That *Jericho* muſt fall, and fall by thee;
The Tyrant King, and all his Heathen Train,
At their own Idol-Altars ſhall be ſlain;
Th' embattell'd Walls, and Tow'rs, that reach the Sky,
Shall periſh, and in duſty Ruin lie;
Scatter'd in Air, their Aſhes ſhall be toſt,
The Place, the Name, and all Remembrance loſt.

Joſhua.

To give Command, Prerogative is thine;
And humbly to obey, the Duty's mine. [*Angel diſappears.*

AIR.

AIR.

Haſte, Iſrael, *haſte, your glitt'ring Arms prepare,*
With Valour abounding,
The City ſurrounding,
Deal Death, and dreadful War.

CHORUS.

The Lord commands, and Joſhua *leads,*
Jericho *falls, the Tyrant bleeds.* [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

OTHNIEL, ACHSAH.

Othniel. RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

In theſe bleſt Scenes, where conſtant Pleaſure reigns,
And Herds, and bleating Flocks, adorn the Plains:
Where the ſoft Seaſon all its Bleſſings ſheds,
Refreſhing Rivers, and enamell'd Meads;
Here, in the Covert of ſome Palm-tree Shade,
Direct me, Love, to *Achſah,* blooming Maid.

O *Othniel, Othniel.*

Othniel.

'Tis my Name I hear!
Othniel, in melting Accents ſtrikes my Ear.

Achſah. AIR.

O Othniel, Othniel, *valiant Youth,*
May Heav'n reward thy Love and Truth!

Othniel.

Othniel.

'Tis *Achſah*'s Voice; who, but that heav'nly Fair,
Could breathe ſo tender, and ſo ſweet a Pray'r?

Achſah.

But ſee! he comes---he heard, and knows his Pow'r.

Othniel.

Hail! lovely Virgin of this bliſsful Bow'r;
How ſweet the Muſic of thy tuneful Tongue!

Achſah.

Theſe Praiſes to the feather'd Choir belong.

AIR.

Hark! 'tis the Linnet, and the Thruſh;
In dulcet Notes
They pour their Throats,
And wake the Morn on ev'ry Buſh:
From Morn to Eve they chaunt their Love,
And fill with Melody the Grove.

Othniel.

O *Achſah*, form'd for ev'ry chaſte Delight,
T'inſpire the virtuous Thought, and charm the Sight;
Thy Preſence gilds this variegated Scene,
To the green Olive adds a brighter Green;
White to the Lily, Bluſhes to the Roſe,
With deeper Red the rich Pomegranate glows;
The Fruits their Flavour, Flow'rs their Odours prove,
And here we taſte true Liberty and Love.

DUET.

DUET.

Our limpid Streams with Freedom flow,
And feel no icy Chains;
No moulded Hail, no fleecy Snow,
Pollute our fruitful Plains:
The Years one vernal Circle move,
And ſtill the ſame { *like* Othniel's *Love.*
{ *like* Achſah's *Love.*

Othniel.

The Trumpet calls; now *Jericho* ſhall know
What 'tis to have a Lover for her Foe.
The City conquer'd, I ſhall hope to find
Thy Father *Caleb*, like his *Achſah*, kind.

CHORUS.

May all the Hoſt of Heav'n attend him round,
And Angels waft him back with Conqueſt crown'd.

JOSHUA.

PART II.

SCENE, *before* JERICHO.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, High-Prieſt, Chiefs, Elders, *&c.* *The* Prieſts *bearing the* ARK *of the* COVENANT.

JOSHUA.

'TIS well; ſix times the Lord hath been obey'd;
Low in the Duſt the Town ſhall ſoon be laid.
Now the ſeventh Sun the gilded Domes adorns,
Sound the ſhrill Trumpets, ſhout, and blow the Horns.

[*A ſolemn March during the Circumvection of the* ARK.

CHORUS.

[The Walls of *Jericho* falling.]

Glory to God! the ſtrong-cemented Walls,
The tott'ring Tow'rs, the pond'rous Ruin falls:
The Nations tremble at the dreadful Sound,
Heav'n thunders, Tempeſts roar, and groans the Ground.

Caleb.

Caleb.

The Walls are levell'd, pour the choſen Bands,
With hoſtile Gore imbrue your thirſty Hands;
Set Palaces and Temples in a Blaze,
Sap the Foundations, and the Bulwarks raze:
But Oh! remember, in the bloody Strife,
To ſpare the hoſpitable *Rahab*'s Life.

AIR.

See, the raging Flames ariſe!
Hear, the diſmal Groans, and Cries!
The fatal Day of Wrath is come,
Proud Jericho *hath met her Doom.*

Achſah. AIR.

To Vanity, and earthly Pride,
How ſhort a Date is giv'n!
The firmeſt Rock, that ſhall abide,
Is Confidence in Heav'n. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The* Paſſover.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, High-Prieſt, Prieſts, Chiefs, Elders, *and a full Aſſembly of the People.*

Joſhua.

Let all the Seed of *Abrah'm* now prepare
To celebrate this Feaſt, with pious Care.
Ages unborn, by this Example led,
Shall bleed the Lamb, and eat unleaven'd Bread.

CHORUS.

Almighty Ruler of the Skies,
Accept our Vows, and Sacrifice;
Thy Mercy did with Israel *dwell,*
When the First-born of Egypt *fell.*

What mighty Wonders did the Lord
At the Red-Sea *to us afford!*
He made our Passage on dry Ground,
While Pharaoh, *and his Host were drown'd.*

He thro' the dreary Desart led,
He slak'd our Thirst, with Manna fed:
His Glory did on Sinai *shine,*
When we receiv'd the Law divine.

SCENE III.

JOSHUA, CALEB.

Caleb.

Joshua, the Men dispatch'd by thee to learn
The Strength of *Ai*, and Country to discern;
Elate with Pride, deluded by Success,
Despis'd their Pow'r, and made the People less.
Easy of Faith, we trust what they relate,
And now the hasty Error find too late;
Our Troops with Shame repuls'd! --- Oh fatal Day!
Hark! *Israel* mourns; triumphs the King of *Ai*.

Chorus

Chorus *of the defeated* Iſraelites.

How ſoon our tow'ring Hopes are croſs'd!
The Foe prevails, our Glory's loſt!
Again ſhall Iſrael *Bondage know,*
Oh! ſheath the Sword, unbend the Bow.

Joſhua.

Whence this Dejection? rouze your coward Hearts;
Let Courage edge your Swords, and point your Darts;
Remember *Jericho!* and ſure Succeſs
Shall crown your Arms: the Lord our Cauſe will bleſs.

AIR.

With redoubled Rage return,
Ev'ry Breaſt with Fury burn;
The Heathen Nations ſoon ſhall feel
The Force of your avenging Steel.

CHORUS.

We with redoubled Rage return,
All our Breaſts with Fury burn:
The Heathen Nations ſoon ſhall feel
The Force of our our avenging Steel. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

OTHNIEL, ACHSAH.

Othniel.

Now give the Army Reſt; let War, a while,
Smooth his rough Front, and wear a chearful Smile:

The

The Interval, if *Achsah* but approve,
I'll consecrate to Virtue, and to Love.

AIR.

Heroes, when with Glory burning,
All their Toil with Pleasure bear;
And believe, to Love returning,
Laurel Wreaths beneath their Care:
War to hardy Deeds invites,
Love the Danger well requites.

Achsah.

Indulgent Heav'n hath heard my Virgin Pray'r,
And made my *Othniel* its peculiar Care:
When he is absent, Sighs my Hours employ,
When he returns, transporting is the Joy.

AIR.

As chears the Sun the tender Flow'r,
That sinks beneath a falling Show'r,
And rears its drooping Head;
Thy Presence doth my Pow'rs controul,
Darts Joy, like Light'ning, through my Soul
And all my Cares are fled.

SCENE V.

To them Caleb.

Sure I'm deceiv'd! --- with Sorrow I behold---
Let not this Folly in the Camp be told;

Now

Now all the Youth of *Iſrael* are in Arms,
That *Othniel*, loſt in Dalliance, ſhuns th' Alarms.

Othniel.

Oh! why will *Caleb* my fix'd Paſſion blame?
This ſpotleſs Object juſtifies my Flame.

Caleb.

No more---it wounds thy Fame----Daughter, retire----
[*Exit* Achſah.

SCENE VI.

CALEB, OTHNIEL.

Caleb.

Oh! let thy Boſom glow with warlike Fire.
Thou know'ſt what Craft the Men of *Gibeon* us'd
T'obtain their League, which elſe had been refus'd:
Soon did that Treaty thro' the Heathen ring;
Adoni-zedeck of *Jerus'lem* King,
With the confederate Pow'rs of moſt Renown,
Have ſworn to ruin the revolted Town.
Firm to our Faith, it never ſhall be ſaid,
That our Allies, in vain, implor'd our Aid.

Othniel.

Periſh the Thought! while Honour hath a Name,
Iſrael's, or *Gibeon's* Cauſe is ſtill the ſame.

AIR.

AIR.

Nations, who, in future Story,
Wou'd recorded be with Glory;
Let them thro' the World proclaim,
Friendſhip is the Road to Fame. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, Chiefs, Elders, *&c.*
The Armies of the Iſraelites *and* Canaanites *prepared for Battle.*

Joſhua.

Brethren, and Friends, what Joy this Day imparts,
To meet ſuch brave, ſuch firm united Hearts?
What tho' the Tyrants an unnumber'd Hoſt;
Their Strength in Horſe, and iron Chariots boaſt?
Now ſhines the Sun, that fixeth *Canaan*'s Doom;
Truſt in the Lord, and you ſhall overcome.
[*Warlike Symphony. The Armies engage.*

Caleb.

Thus far our Cauſe is favour'd by the Lord!
Advance, purſue; *Jehova* is the Word!
[*Symphony repeated.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Joſhua.

Oh! thou bright Orb, great Ruler of the Day!
Stop thy ſwift Courſe, and over *Gibeon* ſtay.

And

And Oh! thou milder Lamp of Light, the Moon,
Stand ſtill, prolong thy Beams in *Ajalon.*

CHORUS.

Behold! the liſt'ning Sun the Voice obeys,
And in mid Heav'n his rapid Motion ſtays.
Before our Arms the ſcatter'd Nations fly,
Breathleſs they pant, they yield, they fall, they die.

JOSHUA.

PART III.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, &c.

CHORUS.

HAIL! *mighty* Joſhua, *hail! thy Name*
Shall ſoar into immortal Fame.
Our Children's Children ſhall rehearſe
Thy Deeds in never-dying Verſe;
And grateful Marbles raiſe to thee,
Great Guardian of our Liberty!

Achſah. AIR.

Happy, O thrice happy we,
Who enjoy ſweet Liberty!
To your Sons this Gem ſecure,
As bright, as ample, and as pure.

Joſhua.

Caleb, for holy *Eleazer* ſend
And bid the Chiefs of *Iſrael* all attend,
To execute th' Almighty's great Command,
And lot among the Tribes the conquer'd Land.

Caleb.

Caleb.

With thee, great Leader, when *Jephunneh*'s Son
Was ſent to view the Nations thou haſt won;
Hebron obtain'd, we all its Produce ſought,
Thick-cluſter'd Grapes, Figs, and Pomegranates brought;
The Men, their Proweſs carefully ſurvey'd,
And deem'd the Conqueſt eaſy to be made.
Here wou'd I ſtop --- but Oh, unhappy Fate!
The tim'rous Spies a diff'rent Tale relate,
Increas'd the Danger, multiply'd the Foe,
And fill'd ſome daſtard Souls with Panic Woe.

Joſhua.

Firm as a Rock, when Billows laſh its Side,
Thou didſt perſiſt, and all their Threats defy'd.
The Men appeas'd; ſaid *Moſes*, Man of God,
Caleb, the Land, whereon thy Feet have trod,
Mark what I ſay! for 'tis the Will of Heav'n,
Shall be to thee, and to thy Children giv'n.
Behold! the Promiſe of the Man divine
I ratify, and *Hebron* now is thine.

Caleb.

My Cup is full; how bleſt in this Decree!
How can my Thanks ſuffice the Lord, and Thee!

AIR.

Shall I in Mamre's *fertile Plain,*
The Remnant of my Days remain?
And is it giv'n to me, to have
A Place, with Abrah'm *in the Grave?*

For all these Mercies I will sing
Eternal Praise to Heav'n's high King.

CHORUS *of the Tribe of* Judah.

For all these Mercies we will sing
Eternal Praise to Heav'n's high King.

Othniel.

O *Caleb*, fear'd by Foes, by Friends ador'd,
Well have we paid this Tribute to thy Sword;
But still, to make thine Heritage complete,
Debir remains, *Debir* the Giant's Seat.

Caleb.

Worn out in War I find my Strength decline,
Counsel alone, the Gift of Age, is mine.
Is there a Warrior, willing to pursue
The Conquest, and that stubborn Town subdue?
For Him, for His, I amply will provide,
And to crown all, *Achsah* shall be his Bride.

Othniel.

Glorious Reward! the Task be mine alone;
Transporting Thought! *Caleb*, the Town's thy own.

AIR.

Place Danger around me,
The Storm I'll despise;
What Arm shall confound me,
When Achsah's *the Prize?* [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

JOSHUA, CALEB, ACHSAH, *&c.*

CHORUS.

Father of Mercy, hear the Pray'r we make,
And ſave the Hero for his Country's Sake!

Joſhua.

In bloom of Youth, this Stripling hath atchiev'd
What ſcarce in future Times ſhall be believ'd.
Mankind no ſooner did pronounce his Name,
But he ſtood foremoſt in the Rolls of Fame:
Tyrants he humbled, with the World's Applauſe,
And ſav'd his Country's Liberty, and Laws.

Chorus *of* Youths.

See, the conqu'ring Hero comes!
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums.
Sports prepare, the Laurel bring,
Songs of Triumph to him ſing.

Chorus *of* Virgins.

See the godlike Youth advance!
Breathe the Flutes, and lead the Dance:
Myrtle Wreaths, and Roſes twine,
To deck the Hero's Brow divine.

Full Chorus.

See the conqu'ring, &c.

SCENE

SCENE THE LAST.

To them OTHNIEL.

Caleb.

Welcome! my Son, my *Othniel*, Good, and Great!
The Ornament, and Champion of the State.
Take thy Reward, the nobleſt Heav'n can raiſe,
And laſting Love adorn your happy Days!

Othniel.

What Tongue can utter, or what Heart conceive
The Joy, with which this Bleſſing I receive?

Achſah.

Bleſt be the Pow'r, that kept thee ſafe from harms!
Bleſt be the Pow'r, that gave thee to my Arms!

AIR.

Oh! had I Jubal's *ſacred Lyre,*
Or Miriam's *tuneful Voice!*
To Sounds like his I wou'd aſpire,
In Songs like her's rejoice:
My humble Strains but faintly ſhow,
How much to Heav'n, and Thee I owe.

Othniel.

While Life ſhall laſt, each Moment we'll improve
In equal Gratitude, and mutual Love.

DUET.

DUET.

Othniel.

O peerleſs Maid, with Beauty bleſt,
Of ev'ry pleaſing Charm poſſeſt;
As firſt in Virtue thou art deem'd,
For Truth thou art no leſs eſteem'd.

Achſah.

O gen'rous Youth, whom Virtue fires,
And Love of Liberty inſpires;
As firſt in Valour thou art deem'd,
For Truth thou art no leſs eſteem'd.

Caleb.

While lawleſs Tyrants, with Ambition blind,
Mock ſolemn Faith, waſte Worlds, and thin Mankind;
Iſrael can boaſt a Leader, Juſt and Brave,
A Friend to Freedom, and ordain'd to ſave.

Thus bleſs'd, to Heav'n your Voices raiſe
In Songs of Thanks, and Hymns of Praiſe.

CHORUS.

The Great Jehovah *is our awful Theme,*
Sublime in Majeſty, in Pow'r ſupreme. Hallelujah.

FINIS.

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